

Extra Extra Credit

Wiz Khalifa

Eh (yea buddy) Yea Yea (you know what we do around this time) Yaaa (Through the roof swag on you fuck niggas) Yea yea
I ain't gon deny it
I be on some fly shit.
See it and I want it.
Like it then I buy it.
You paying for it, I can make it priceless
I told you all this money ain't for show, I let it go.
If you get money (money) then you know just what I'm talkin bout. (4x)

I got a bad bitch, her name you don't need to know.
If you can take her off of me, that mean iont need that hoe.
Yea, I'm like the number three, something you ain't seen before.
So we get it smackin once we get back to my vehicle.
I got so much drink to pour and I got my reffer rolled.
Girl, I'd love to stay but gotta pack my things so we can goooo.
They call me sayin they need to know
How erryday I'm working but my life just like the weekend though
And when we in the club the owners gon acknowledge us
Me, I'm drunk as hell, throwin champagne bottles up
Yea, we super stars so the camera crews follow us
And all my diamonds traffic jam, they give you some kinda rush.
Baby I'm a star. You can join this constellation.
Shit wherever I want, can't deal with constipation.
Any chick that I handle, I teach 'em patience.
How not to win the award but be glad for your nominations.
If getting money is the case then I'm guilty.
Need a shower. Filthy.
Wipe me down.
I'm famous all the bad hoes like me now.
They don't just wanna fuck, they wanna become wifey now.
You tryna make a name but me, I got my own cloud.
And I can't share no air space. See I'm so Taylor Gang.

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Yea
All this money got me feeling bold.
And niggas starring like they scared the speaker's getting old.
You look decent but your girlfriend's a centerfold.
I keep my mind closed for bitches whose tryn dig for gold.
Big cake, ya'll dinner rolls.
You just sink boy, I've been afloat.
I've been in this game and E gave me the sticks now I'm in control
And I'm playing on difficult.
I'm another plane
New day another ticket
So we smoke til the life
Write my name in the swisher smoke
Niggas know if they don't, then they bitch does
Ros bottles spree until they free my big cause

I tell her that she drunk
She say she just buzzed
Half a bottle later she sayin she in love
Some will say it's the fame, some will say the drugs
Got you losin your brain and doing these things in puuuublic
I'm on some own world, other shit
And you gon have to find some decent shelter to get covered in
If she got no panties on then let her in,
And her set of friends.
Meet the gang, whoa

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